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NO 11
JULY

OPERATION:

PERIL

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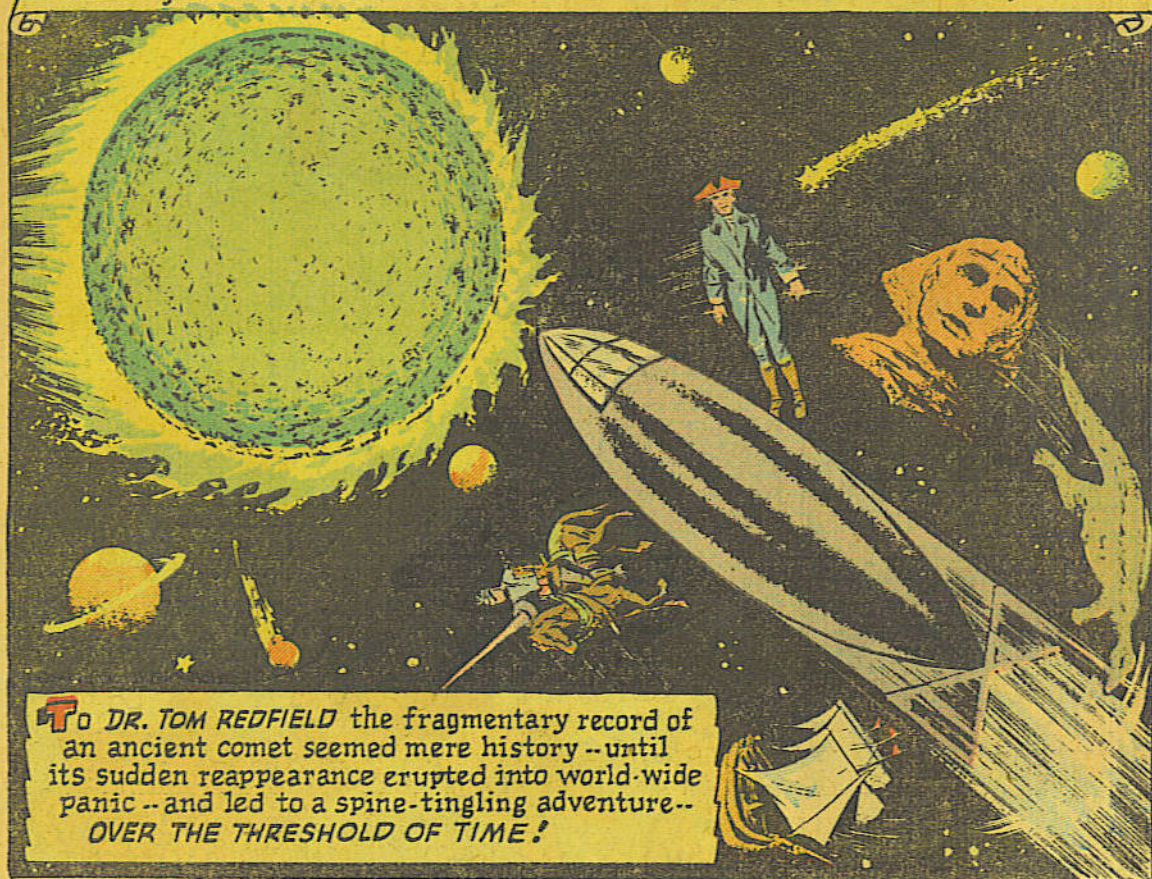
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The TIME TRAVELERS

Threats to the very existence of our planet have roared out of the black reaches of space throughout history - sometimes huge meteors have crashed, leaving behind great craters and lakes as silent testimony of their awesome power!...



To DR. TOM REDFIELD the fragmentary record of an ancient comet seemed mere history --until its sudden reappearance erupted into world-wide panic --and led to a spine-tingling adventure--
OVER THE THRESHOLD OF TIME!

AT TOM REDFIELD'S ROCKET DEVELOPMENT LABORATORY--

GOOD GRIEF, TOM--LISTEN TO THIS TELEGRAM FROM YOUR OLD FRIEND PROFESSOR ROMULUS! URGENT FLY IMMEDIATELY TO MY OBSERVATORY. ANY DELAY INVITES WORLD DISASTER! W-WHAT CAN IT POSSIBLY MEAN?



I DON'T KNOW, HONEY--BUT ROMULUS IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SCIENTISTS AND INVENTORS --AND HE DOESN'T SCARE EASILY! SO WE'RE USING THE SPACESHIP TO POWER US TO HIS MOUNTAIN RETREAT -- RIGHT NOW!



BLAZING ACROSS THE FACE OF AMERICA AT SUPERSONIC SPEED --

I'M WORRIED, PEGGY! FOR YEARS ROMULUS HAS BEEN STUDYING ANCIENT SCIENTIFIC MANUSCRIPTS, AND THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE LOOKED HAGGARD -- FEAR-RIDDEN -- CLAIMED HE'D STUMBLERD ON SOMETHING FANTASTIC! BUT HE SAID HE NEEDED MORE TIME TO GET POSITIVE PROOF! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT TELEGRAM SPELLS TROUBLE!



OPERATION: PERIL, published bi-monthly and copyright, 1952, by Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Missouri. Editorial offices, 45 West 45 St., New York 19, N. Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, \$0.10; foreign postage extra. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, 45 West 45 St., New York 19, N. Y. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo. No. 11, June-July, 1952. Printed in U.S.A.

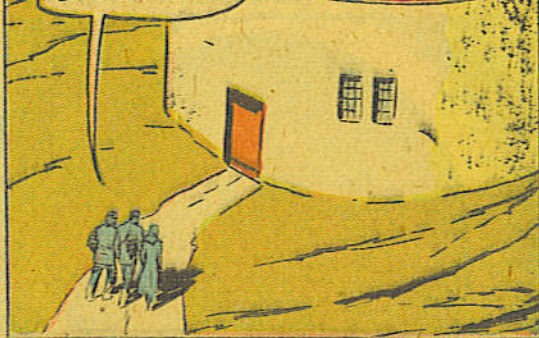
**AFTER A TRICKY LANDING IN THE
RUGGED SIERRA NEVADAS --**

WELL, PROFESSOR, WE
SURE GOT HERE **FAST**
ENOUGH! WHAT'S
THE STORY?

QUICKLY! INTO
THE OBSERVATORY!
EVERY SECOND
IS BRINGING US
CLOSER TO A
HORRIBLE
CATASTROPHE!

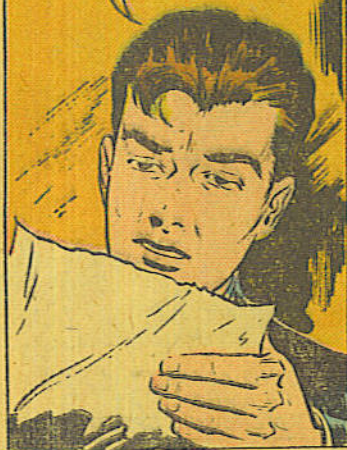


HERE'S THE UNBELIEVABLE TRUTH, TOM! WHILE
TRANSLATING AN OLD ASTRONOMICAL TREATISE,
I DISCOVERED THAT THE WHOLE ANCIENT WORLD
WAS ONCE THREATENED BY AN IMMENSE BALL OF
FLAMING **GREEN** FIRE WHICH SUDDENLY ROARED
OUT OF THE SKIES! IT SHOT STRAIGHT AT THE
EARTH -- COLLISION WAS INEVITABLE -- AND
THEN -- THE EVIDENCE IS **LOST** --
BECAUSE MY MANUSCRIPT
BREAKS OFF!

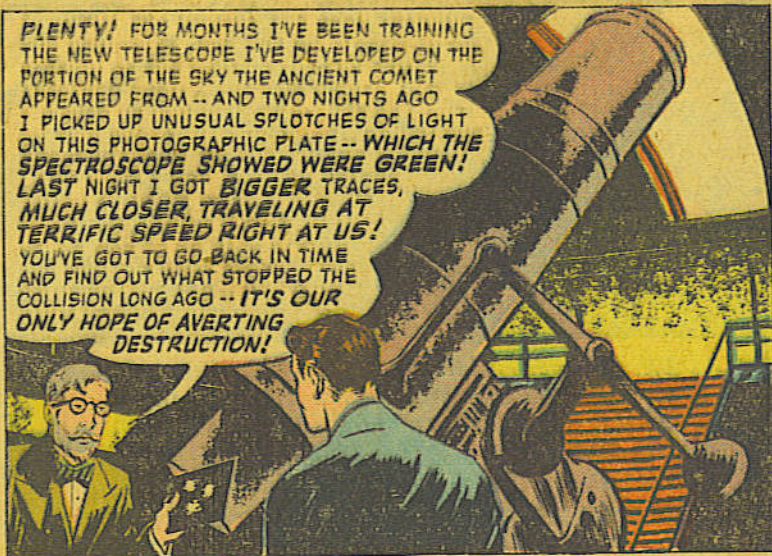


MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE
THE OBSERVATORY --

VERY INTERESTING, PROFESSOR
-- BUT SO WHAT? ALL THIS IS
ANCIENT HISTORY! WHAT'S
IT GOT TO DO WITH **US?**



PLENTY! FOR MONTHS I'VE BEEN TRAINING
THE NEW TELESCOPE I'VE DEVELOPED ON THE
PORTION OF THE SKY THE ANCIENT COMET
APPEARED FROM -- AND TWO NIGHTS AGO
I PICKED UP UNUSUAL SPOTTCHES OF LIGHT
ON THIS PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE -- WHICH THE
SPECTROSCOPE SHOWED WERE GREEN!
LAST NIGHT I GOT **BIGGER** TRACES,
MUCH CLOSER, TRAVELING AT
TERRIFIC SPEED RIGHT AT US!
YOU'VE GOT TO GO BACK IN TIME
AND FIND OUT WHAT STOPPED THE
COLLISION LONG AGO -- **IT'S OUR**
ONLY HOPE OF AVERTING
DESTRUCTION!



THE
CATASTROPHIC
DANGER MADE
CLEAR, THE
DECISION
OF THE
BRILLIANT
YOUNG
SCIENTIST WAS
INSTANTANEOUS!
SWIFTLY,
THE CRAFT
OF THE FUTURE
PASSED OVER
THE THRESHOLD
OF TIME --
BACK --
BACK --
UNTIL --



I'M LANDING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF **ROME** AFTER
NIGHTFALL, PEGGY -- THEN WE'LL HEAD STRAIGHT FOR
THE **TEMPLE OF APOLLO**, AND LEARN WHAT WE
CAN FROM THE ASTRONOMERS THERE!
GOOD THING THE PROFESSOR HAD
ROMAN TOGS READY FOR US -- WE
DON'T WANT TO BE
CONSPICUOUS!



AFTER DARK --

THAT'S THE PLACE,
PEGGY...AND LOOK --
THE GREEN
PLANET
OVERHEAD!

GOOD HEAVENS!
HURRY, WE'VE
GOT TO ASK THE
ASTRONOMERS
HOW THEY
STOPPED
IT!



WOE! WOE UNTO
ALL MORTALS!
THE ENDING OF
THE WORLD IS
AT HAND!

WE ARE
DOOMED!

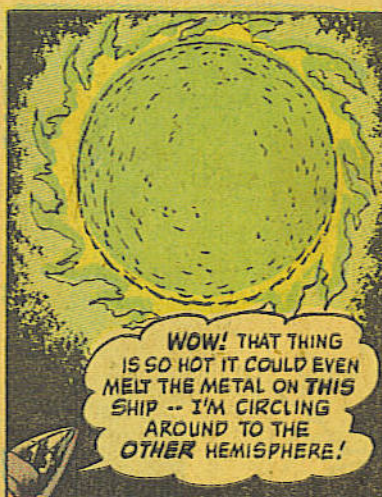
YE GODS,
PEGGY--WE'RE
WASTING
TIME HERE!
QUICK, BACK
TO THE
SPACESHIP!



WHIRLING THROUGH THE BLACK
REACHES OF SPACE --

B-BUT I DON'T UNDER-
STAND -- BECAUSE THOSE SUPER-
STITIOUS SOOTHSAYERS
OBSOLETELY DIDN'T
PREVENT THE COLLISION--
AND WE ALREADY
KNOW THAT THE CRASH
DIDN'T TAKE PLACE!
WE'RE GOING TO FIND
OUT WHY-- BY
VISITING
THE PLANET
ITSELF!

AS THE WHIRLING BALL OF GREEN
FLAME LOOMS AHEAD --



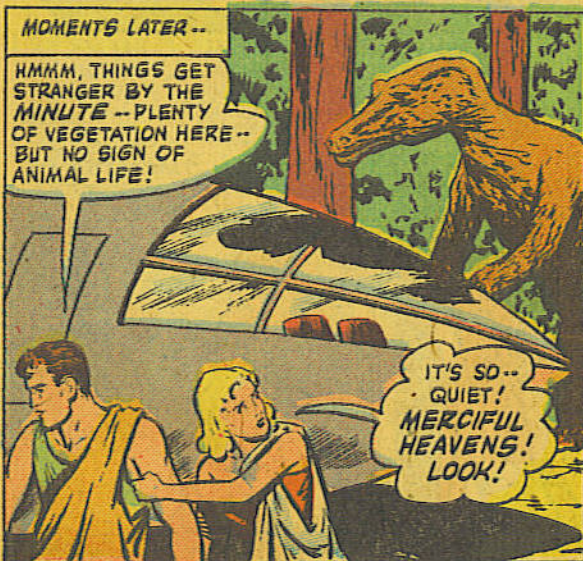
WOW! THAT THING
IS SO HOT IT COULD EVEN
MELT THE METAL ON THIS
SHIP -- I'M CIRCLING
AROUND TO THE
OTHER HEMISPHERE!



ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE
STRANGE CELESTIAL OBJECT--
AN AMAZING DISCOVERY--

TOM! IT...
IT'S INCREDIBLE
--THIS SIDE IS
EXACTLY LIKE
OUR EARTH!

YEP--AND
WE'RE
LANDING
TO HAVE
A LOOK
AROUND!



MOMENTS LATER --

HMMM, THINGS GET
STRANGER BY THE
MINUTE -- PLENTY
OF VEGETATION HERE --
BUT NO SIGN OF
ANIMAL LIFE!

IT'S SO --
QUIET!
MERCIFUL
HEAVENS!
LOOK!



BUT THE WARNING
COMES TOO LATE!

TOM!
HELP ME!
HELP!

I--I CAN'T
FIGHT AGAINST
A CREATURE
LIKE THIS!

BUT INSTEAD OF HORRIBLE DEATH IN THE ENORMOUS
PAWS OF THE LUMBERING BRUTE --

I -- I DON'T GET IT... IT'S NOT
HARMING US! IT SEEMS TO BE
CARRYING US SOMEWHERE --
TOWARDS THAT -- YE GODS!

IT... IT'S A
MODERN CITY..
TWO THOUSAND
YEARS AHEAD
OF ITS TIME!

WHEN THE WEIRD JOURNEY ENDS, THE AMAZING
ANIMAL, AS IF WITH HUMAN INTELLIGENCE --

WELL DONE, SENTINEL -- NOW
THROW THESE SPIES INTO THE
FLAMING POOL OF JUDGMENT!
-- BUT WAIT -- THEIR DRESS --
THEY LOOK LIKE EARTH
PEOPLE, LIKE THOSE WE'VE
SEEN THROUGH OUR GREAT
TELESCOPES! SPEAK,
WHY AND HOW DID YOU
COME HERE?

HE THINKS WE'RE ROMANS -- I'LL PLAY ALONG
TO FIND OUT WHAT I CAN!

YES, WE ARE EARTH-PEOPLE,
COME TO LEARN WHY YOU THREATEN
OUR PLANET WITH DESTRUCTION! --
OUR MEANS OF TRAVEL
IS SECRET!

SECRET? HA-HA-HA! TORTURE WILL LOOSEN YOUR
TONGUE SOON ENOUGH! BUT FIRST -- KNOW THAT I,
KUMRACK THE OMNIPOTENT, SHALL APPROACH
YOUR PLANET AND FORCE ITS PEOPLE INTO BOWING TO
ME -- NOTHING CAN RESIST THE HEAT OF OUR
FLAMING SEAS!

FIRST, I USURPED THE THRONE
FROM KING ROYLAN -- AND SOON
THE ARMY STILL LOYAL TO THE
KING WILL BE WIPED OUT BY MY
FOLLOWERS! ALL PRISONERS
WILL DIE -- AS THOSE YOU
NOW SEE!

YAAAGH!

SOON I SHALL RULE
THE UNIVERSE --
WITH THE CAPTIVE
PRINCESS ESTRELEN
AS MY QUEEN!

NO, FIEND,
I WILL NEVER
DESERT MY
BETROTHED,
THE TRUE
KING!

THEN YOU SHALL
DIE WITH HIM!
GUARDS -- FLING
THESE PRISONERS
INTO THE DUNGEON
TO AWAIT
EXECUTION!

BETTER TO
DIE BESIDE MY
BELOVED THAN
TO LIVE AS
THE CONSORT
OF SUCH A
MONSTER AS
KUMRACK!

MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE PALACE PRISON --

OH, ROYLAN -- AT LEAST WE WILL DIE TOGETHER!

NO, WE'LL NOT DIE -- I'VE ONLY BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO JOIN ME HERE BEFORE CARRYING OUT MY ESCAPE PLANS! BUT -- WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?

WE ARE FRIENDS, ROYLAN -- EARTH-PEOPLE! BUT THERE'S NOT TIME TO EXPLAIN! HOW WE GOT HERE! KUMRACK MUST BE STOPPED! BUT HOW?

WITH THIS WHISTLE! WITH IT I CAN CALL TO MY FAITHFUL DINORAFF WHO WAITS IN THE HILLS NEARBY! IT HAS PROTECTED ME SINCE BOYHOOD -- BUT I WOULD NOT SUMMON IT TILL I COULD ESCAPE WITH ESTRELEN! NOW -- WATCH!

THE STRANGE BEAST INSTANTLY RESPONDS TO HIS MASTER'S CALL! THEN --

STOP HIM! LOOK..

THE KING'S STEED!

AS THE DINORAFF SMASHES THE PRISON WALLS --

YE GODS! -- THIS BEAST SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND!

YES -- HE'S ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING DINORAFFS IN THE KINGDOM -- AN AMAZING SPECIES, NEARLY HUMAN IN INTELLIGENCE! BUT NOW -- WE MUST REJOIN MY LOYAL FORCES!

AFTER OUTSPEEDING ALL PURSUERS --

LOOK -- IT'S THE KING!

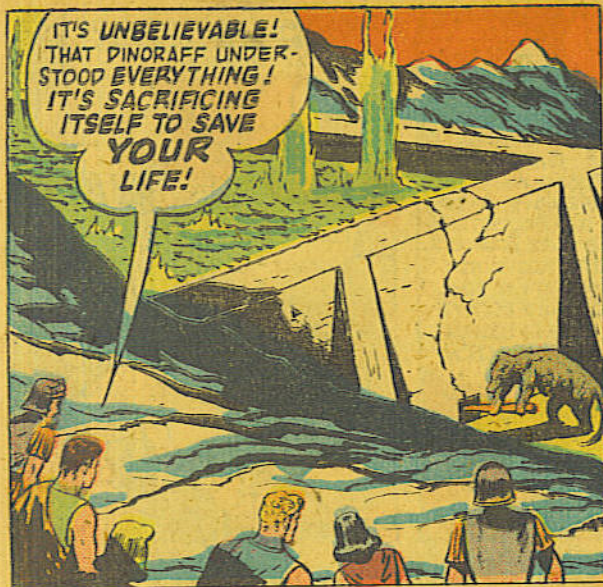
WE SHALL DEFEAT KUMRACK NOW!

HAIL, LOYAL FOLLOWERS!

HEAR, MY PEOPLE -- WE CANNOT WAIT TO JOIN BATTLE WITH KUMRACK'S ARMY! WE ARE NOW SO CLOSE TO THE EARTH THAN ANY DELAY WILL CAUSE IT TO BE BURNED TO A CINDER! THE ONLY WAY TO REVERT OUR PLANET TO ITS NORMAL CELESTIAL MOVEMENT IS TO DESTROY THE CONTROL MECHANISM IN THE PALACE, NOW! I CAN DO IT, BUT IT WILL COST MY LIFE, AND THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ROYAL CITY!

BUT IT MUST BE DONE -- TO SAVE THE LIVES OF MILLIONS OF INNOCENT EARTH-PEOPLE LIKE OUR TWO FRIENDS HERE! UNDER THE MAIN DIKE WHICH HOLDS THE FLAMING GREEN SEAS BACK IS A LEVER -- IF IT IS PULLED, THE ROYAL CITY WILL BE COMPLETELY DESTROYED! I WILL NOT ASK ANY MAN TO GIVE UP HIS LIFE -- SO I SHALL DO IT!

ROYLAN, YOUR STEED -- IT'S RUNNING AWAY!

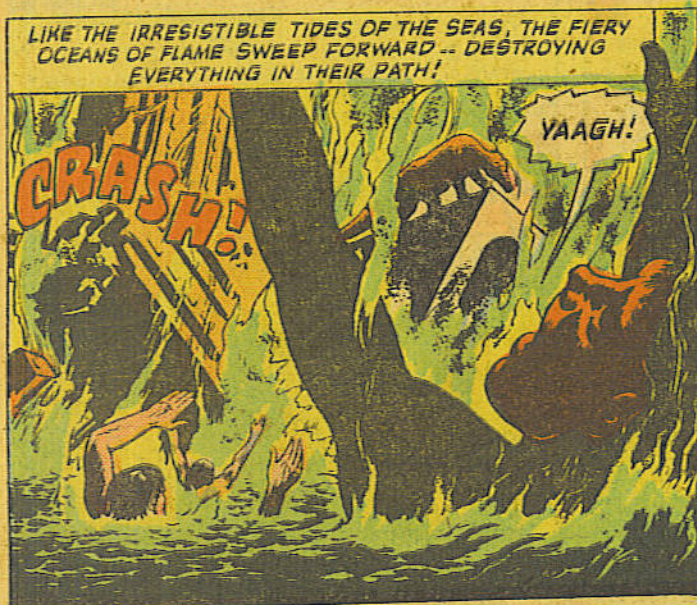


IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
THAT DINORAFF UNDER-
STOOD EVERYTHING!
IT'S SACRIFICING
ITSELF TO SAVE
YOUR
LIFE!



LIKE THE ERUPTION OF A
THOUSAND VOLCANOES ---

THAT
RAGING
INFERNO--
IT'S HEADING
STRAIGHT FOR
THE CITY!



LIKE THE IRRESISTIBLE TIDES OF THE SEAS, THE FIERY
OCEANS OF FLAME SWEEP FORWARD -- DESTROYING
EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH!

YAAAGH!



DO YOU THINK
YOU'LL BE ABLE
TO USE THE
RING TO
PREVENT THEIR
DESCENDANTS
FROM DESTROYING
THE EARTH?

I DON'T KNOW,
HONEY.. AFTER WE
REFUEL BACK ON
EARTH, WE'LL
HAVE TO ZOOM
RIGHT BACK
HERE -- ONLY
THEN IT'LL BE
2000 YEARS
LATER!

AS THE TIME TRAVELERS ROCKET
TOWARDS HOME, PANIC HAS
ALREADY SWEEPED THE
ENTIRE GLOBE --



AFTER THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF
KUMRACK AND HIS FOLLOWERS --

NOW THAT I'VE
SEEN WHAT
HAPPENED --
WHAT GOOD
DOES IT DO ME?
ALL THIS HAPPENED
TWO THOUSAND
YEARS AGO!

HASTEN TO YOUR
DISTANT STAR -- YOUR
PEOPLE ARE SAFE!
ALREADY OUR
PLANET IS
RETURNING TO
ITS NORMAL COURSE!
BUT TAKE THIS ROYAL
RING AS A TOKEN OF
ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP
BETWEEN OUR
PEOPLES!

AFTER PROFESSOR ROMULUS HAS
HEARD THE INCREDIBLE STORY --

BUT THAT'S USELESS
TO US! THE PEOPLE
KNOW -- FOR
LIVING ON THE PLANET
SURE! IF IT
NOW WON'T EVEN
DOESN'T --
REMEMBER THE EVENTS
YOU JUST LIVED THROUGH
-- WHAT MAKES YOU THINK
THAT FRIENDSHIP RING
IS GOING TO STOP
THEM?

I DON'T
KNOW -- FOR
SURE! IF IT
DOESN'T --
THERE'S
ONLY ONE
THING I
CAN DO!

COME ON, PEGGY --
WE'RE GOING BACK
-- ONLY THIS TIME WE'LL
BE LIVING
IN THE
PRESENT!



NOW, DR. TOM REDFIELD IS FACED WITH HIS MOST DANGEROUS ADVENTURE -- FOR ON HIS SUCCESS DEPENDS THE EXISTENCE OF THE EARTH AS A FREE PLANET! USING EVERY POUND OF FORCE IN THE SPACESHIP'S GREAT TURBO-ENGINES --

WE'VE JUST GOT TO GET THERE IN TIME, PEGGY-- WE'VE GOT TO!

BUT EVEN IF WE DO -- WE'RE NOT SURE WE CAN STOP THEM!

FINALLY --

THAT'S THE CITY, TOM -- BUT ENTIRELY REBUILT!

YES -- LET'S LAND IMMEDIATELY AND TRY TO REASON WITH THE NEW KING! I'M TAKING THE SPACESHIP RIGHT INTO THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE!

MOMENTS LATER --

HAIL! WE COME AS FRIENDS TO GREET YOU!

SEIZE HIM! THEY ARE EARTH-PEOPLE!

CARRY THEM TO THE KING FOR JUDGMENT!

WE COME IN PEACE, GREAT KING, TO ASK YOU TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF YOUR PLANET AWAY FROM OURS -- AND TO SHOW YOU THIS RING OF FRIENDSHIP -- A SIGN OF PEACE BETWEEN OUR PEOPLES!

WHAT KIND OF TRICK IS THIS? QUICKLY, BEFORE I CONDEMN YOU TO DEATH--SHOW ME THE RING YOU SPEAK OF!

THIS? YES, I REMEMBER -- IT WAS THE SYMBOL OF OUR ANCIENT KINGS -- WORTHLESS NOW! THEY WERE FOOLISH MEN WHO WISHED PEACE -- BUT NOW OUR POLICY HAS CHANGED TO WAR -- WAR UPON EVERYTHING IN THE UNIVERSE WHICH RESISTS OUR COMMAND! AND NOW -- YOU TWO SHALL BE THE FIRST TO DIE!

BUT AS THE GUARDS SURGE FORWARD --

THIS OUGHT TO HOLD YOU! -- QUICK, PEGGY -- GET INTO THE SHIP!

UGH!

I...I... CAN'T... MAKE... IT!

YOU'VE GOT TO -- IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



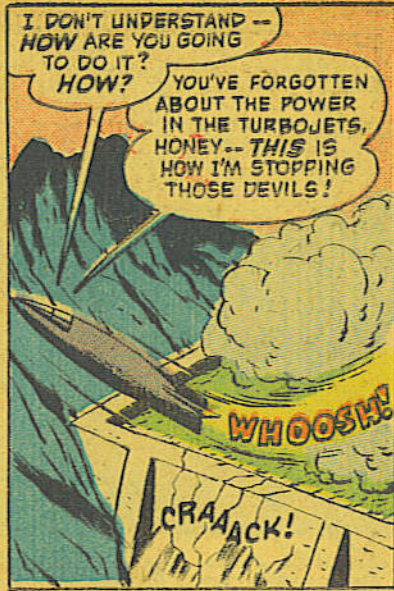
STOP THEM!
THEY MUSTN'T
GET AWAY!

WE MADE
IT! AND NOW--
I'VE GOT A
LITTLE SURPRISE
FOR THOSE
BLOODTHIRSTY
FIENDS!



BUT WHAT DIFFERENCE
DOES IT MAKE IF WE
ESCAPE, TOM?
EVERYBODY ON
EARTH WILL EITHER
BE BURNED TO
DEATH OR BECOME
SLAVES OF THAT
FIEND!

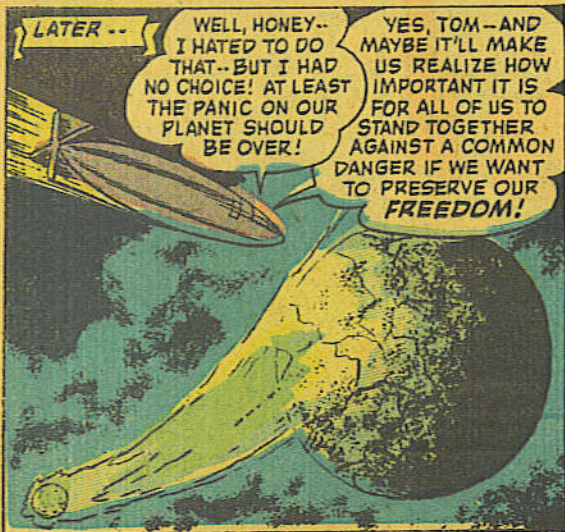
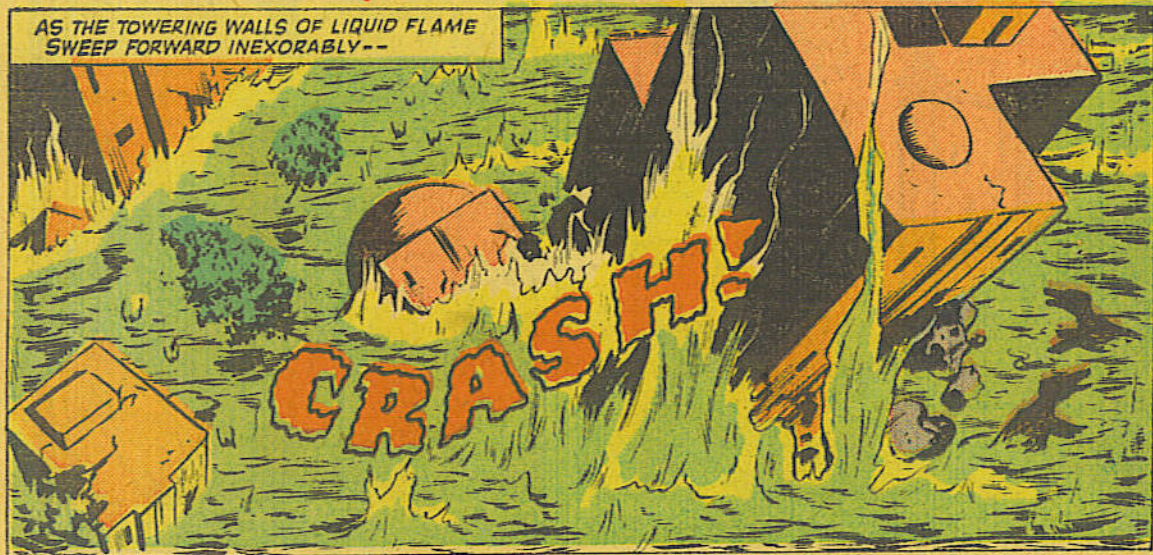
NO, PEGGY
--I'M GOING
TO DESTROY
THE MECHA-
NISM IN THE
PALACE THAT'S
HOLDING THIS
PLANET TO ITS
COURSE!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND --
HOW ARE YOU GOING
TO DO IT?
HOW?

YOU'VE FORGOTTEN
ABOUT THE POWER
IN THE TURBOJETS,
HONEY-- THIS IS
HOW I'M STOPPING
THOSE DEVILS!

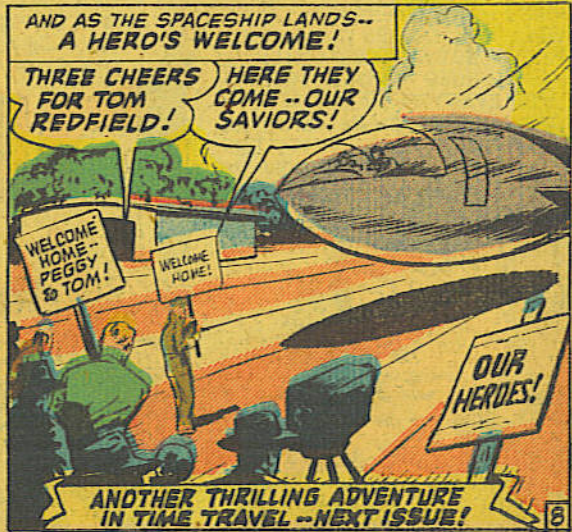
AS THE TOWERING WALLS OF LIQUID FLAME
SWEEP FORWARD INEXORABLY--



LATER --

WELL, HONEY--
I HATED TO DO
THAT-- BUT I HAD
NO CHOICE! AT LEAST
THE PANIC ON OUR
PLANET SHOULD
BE OVER!

YES, TOM--AND
MAYBE IT'LL MAKE
US REALIZE HOW
IMPORTANT IT IS
FOR ALL OF US TO
STAND TOGETHER
AGAINST A COMMON
DANGER IF WE WANT
TO PRESERVE OUR
FREEDOM!



AND AS THE SPACESHIP LANDS--
A HERO'S WELCOME!

THREE CHEERS
FOR TOM
REDFIELD!

HERE THEY
COME --OUR
SAVIORS!

WELCOME
HOME--
PEGGY
& TOM!

WELCOME
HOME!

OUR
HEROES!

ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE
IN TIME TRAVEL--NEXT ISSUE!

the 'POPSICLE' KIDS CAPTURE A BANDIT

TESS AND TIM STYMIE
A STICK-UP

HOWDY,
YOUNGSTERS!
WHAT'LL YOU
HAVE?

I HAVE SOME-
THING TO SHOW
YOU... LOOKS
REAL, DOESN'T
IT?

THIS
IS A
STICK-UP!

HURRY UP
WITH THAT
DOUGH!
I'LL TRY
TO BLUFF
HIM

DROP YOUR
GUN-- YOU'RE
COVERED!

THANKS, TIM.
WE'VE BEEN AFTER
"BAD BILL" FOR
WEEKS

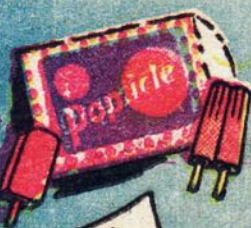
YOU MEAN
THANKS
TO MY
"POPSICLE"
WATER PISTOL!

WOW,
THAT
WAS A
THRILLER

NOT NEARLY AS
THRILLING AS
THE GIFTS YOU
GET BY SAVING
BAGS WITH THE
POLKA DOTS!

GET SWELL GIFTS...SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

...or any "on-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" or "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"



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POISON PERIL

“ALL RIGHT, SCHWEINHUND,” Franz Herrvolk grated out, “we stop and rest here. I am hungry...make me something to eat.”

Jim Hollis stopped in the Peruvian jungle clearing and turned to face his captor. “How do you expect me to fix a meal,” he asked, “with my hands tied behind my back?”

Herrvolk's cruel, sweat-stained face widened in a grin. “Ach, yes, I forgot. Very well, I will untie your hands...but remember, I will have a gun trained on you every second...so do not be so foolish as to try any tricks! When it comes to a battle of wits, a Nazi is more than a match for any American...as I am sure you have already found out! Now turn around again, quickly!”

Jim obeyed...and a moment later, he felt the Nazi's pistol jabbing into his back as Herrvolk's free hand began untying the bonds.

Herrvolk *had* been more than a match for him so far, Jim thought grimly. In fact, the Nazi had outwitted the entire U.S. Counter-Intelligence Corps for about seven years. S.S. General Herrvolk was wanted by a dozen countries on a dozen different war criminal charges...but somehow he had managed to escape the dragnet the Allies had laid out for him, and to vanish from sight for seven long years.

Then, only last month, U.S. Counter-Intelligence agent Jim Hollis had been assigned to verify a rumor that Herrvolk was living disguised as a German doctor in Iquitos, Peru. Jim had learned that the rumor was true...but the canny Herrvolk had somehow found out about the presence of an Allied intelligence man in Iquitos...and had fled into the jungles.

Jim had followed, relentlessly tracking the man who had been responsible for the deaths of countless thousands of innocent civilians. But the Nazi had set an ambush for him...and Jim had walked right into it.

Suddenly, Jim's reverie was interrupted by a brutal shove that sent him sprawling to the ground. “There, pig,” snarled the Nazi, “your hands are free...now prepare the meal. And remember...you will taste everything first...so don't think you can use any of your jungle lore to poison me!”

Obediently, Jim began scrounging nearby for edible herbs and plants, while the Nazi squatted grinningly on a log, watching. “Now you know why I did not kill you as soon as I captured you,” Herrvolk said. “You can be very useful to me as a slave until we get back to Iquitos.”

“And just before we reach Iquitos,” Jim thought grimly, “you'll finish me off.” But aloud Jim said, “Ah, these Montana tuber beans are edible...but there's just a handful here...and I don't see anything else around here that we can eat.”

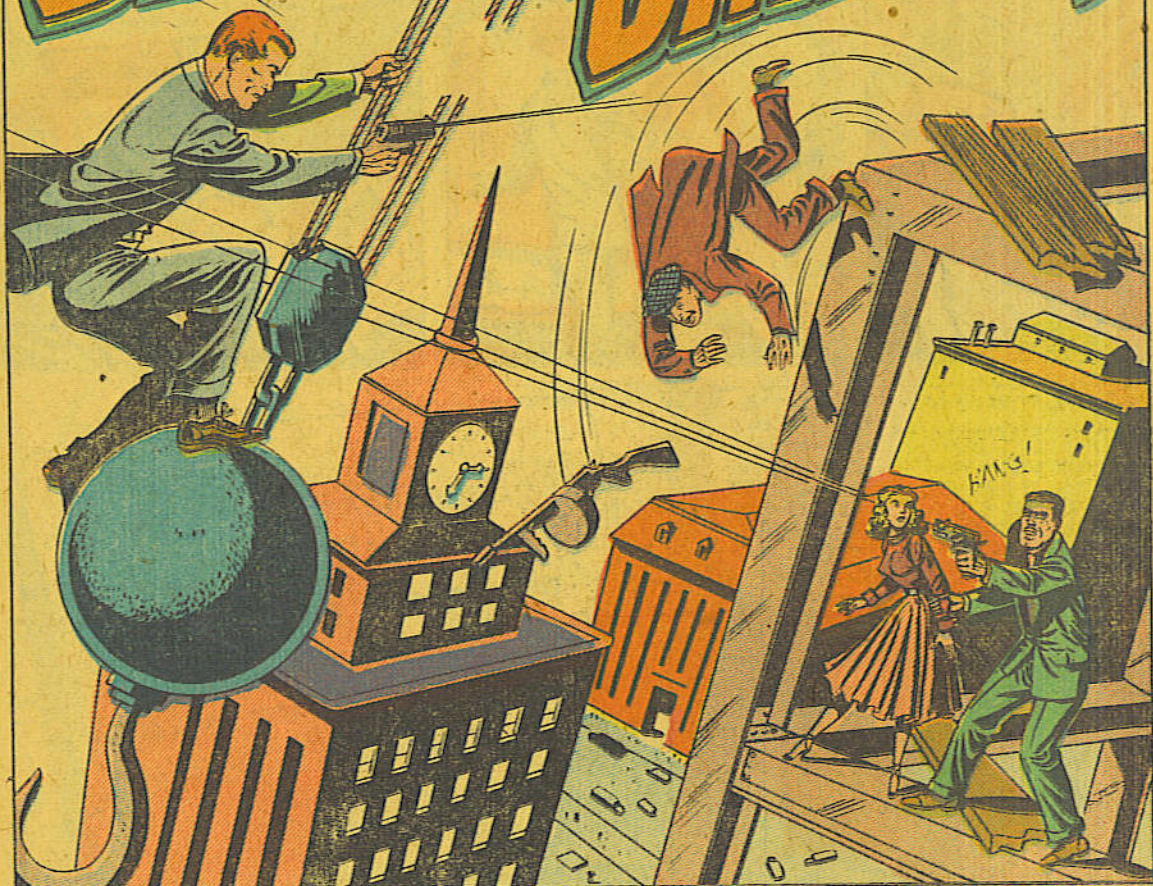
“Those beans do look tasty,” the Nazi said, “but there is barely enough for one person's meal. And that means I shall have the beans. But first, in order to make sure that the beans are *not* poisonous, you will eat some of the roots. Quickly now...start eating!”

Jim shrugged, pulled up the handful of tuber plants, wiped them clean...and began chewing on the roots. The Nazi watched carefully for a few minutes, and finally said, “Your superiors would only have sent you down here if you knew all about the Peruvian jungles...and the fact that you didn't hesitate to eat those roots shows that you know the plant is non-poisonous. Very well...you can eat the rest of the roots...give me the beans!”

But a minute after Herrvolk started chewing the beans, his body suddenly stiffened in agony, his face turned blue, and he toppled to the ground.

Watching the Nazi's death convulsions, Jim calmly picked up the fallen gun and said, “Yes, I am a jungle expert...at least enough to know that the Montana tuber beans are highly poisonous...while the roots are tasty and edible!”

DANNY DANGER



DANNY DANGER'S TRACED MANY A MISSING PERSON --- HE'S AN OLD HAND AT CRACKING CODES --- AND HE HAS A KNACK OF OUTSMARTING HOODS WHO THINK WITH THEIR TRIGGER FINGERS! BUT THAT'S JUST THE **BEGINNING** OF A CRIME HUNT IN WHICH DEATH IS THE JACKPOT!... WITH A PAYOFF BATTLE YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

ONE AFTERNOON... AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

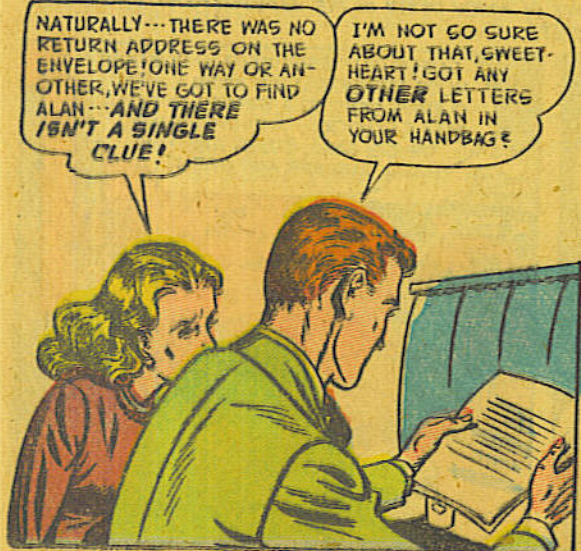
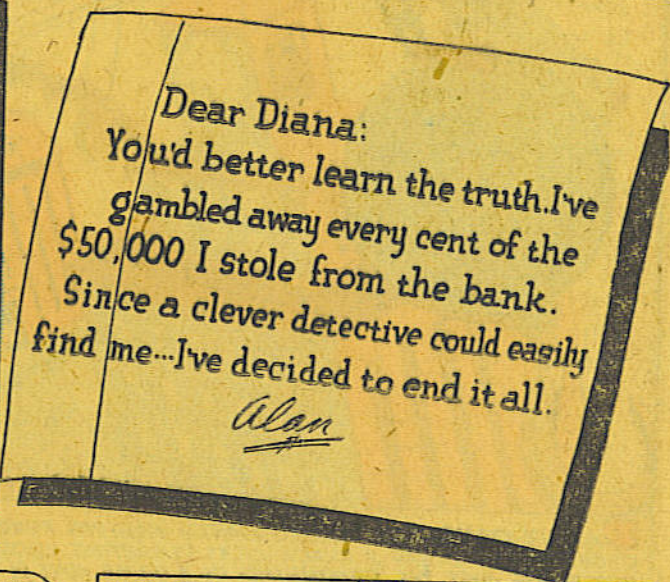
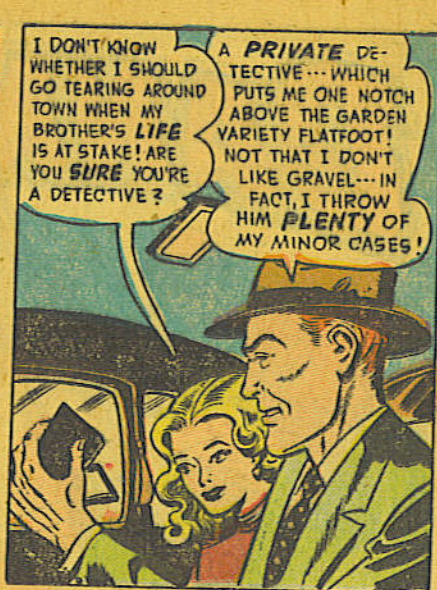
COME ON, GRAVEL... BE A PAL! WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN ON THIS **ALAN ROGERS CASE**?

TRYING TO MUSCLE IN AGAIN, HUH... AND MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A TWERP? GO GET YOUR FACTS FROM THE NEWSPAPERS, DANGER... I WOULDN'T TALK EVEN IF I **DID** HAVE AN ANGLE!



GUESS OLD MUSH-HEAD ISN'T MAKING MUCH PROGRESS! BUT WHEN A BANK CLERK'S SENT TO A BRANCH OFFICE WITH \$50,000... AND DISAPPEARS ON THE WAY... CLUES ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN!





YOU'LL NOTICE IT WAS YOUR BROTHER'S CUSTOM TO WRITE LETTERS IN THE USUAL WAY...WITH THE LEFT HAND MARGIN FAIRLY EVEN! O.K., WHY WOULD THERE BE AN **IRREGULAR MARGIN** IN HIS LATEST NOTE... UNLESS IT WAS DONE **DELIBERATELY?**

YOU MEAN ALAN HAD SOME KIND OF **CODE** IN MIND?

COULD BE! LET'S SEE...THE FIRST LINE OF THE MESSAGE HAS **TWO LETTERS** EXTENDING BEYOND THE MARGIN...IN LINE TWO, IT'S **ONE** LETTER...AND IN THE NEXT LINE, IT'S **FOUR!** THEN **THREE**...AND IN THE LAST LINE, **FIVE!**

YOU DIG THAT, HONEY? IT'S AN **ADDRESS**... **214 35TH STREET!**

GOOD HEAVENS! THAT'S WHAT ALAN MEANT WHEN HE HINTED THAT A **CLEVER DETECTIVE** COULD FIND HIM!



SOON AFTERWARD...

WHY ARE WE STOPPING HERE, DANNY? 214'S DOWN THE STREET!

SURE! BUT JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE... I WANT TO LOOK THE PLACE OVER!

A MOMENT LATER...

GUESS YOUR SISTER MUST'VE GOT THAT NOTE WE FORCED YOU TO WRITE ROGERS--AND SINCE IT'S A QUIET SATURDAY AFTERNOON DOWN-TOWN... WE MIGHT AS WELL GO AHEAD WITH YOUR **"SUICIDE!"**

HEY, BOLO... **DANNY DANGER** JUST GOT OUT OF A CAB WITH A DAME! I THINK HE'S READY TO CASE THE JOINT!

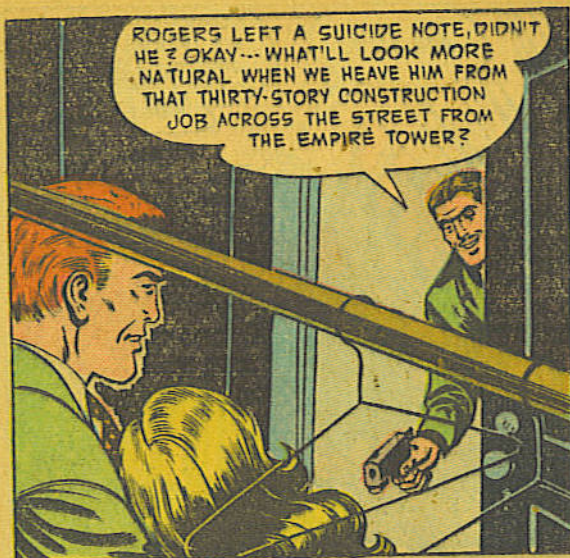
YEAH...THAT'S DANGER! STAND IN FRONT OF THAT WINDOW, ROGERS...AND IF YOU SO MUCH AS RAISE AN EYEBROW TO WARN 'EM...I'LL BLAST THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD OFF!

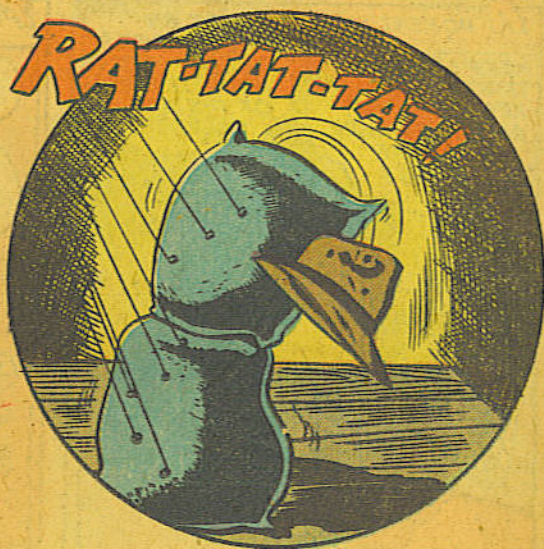
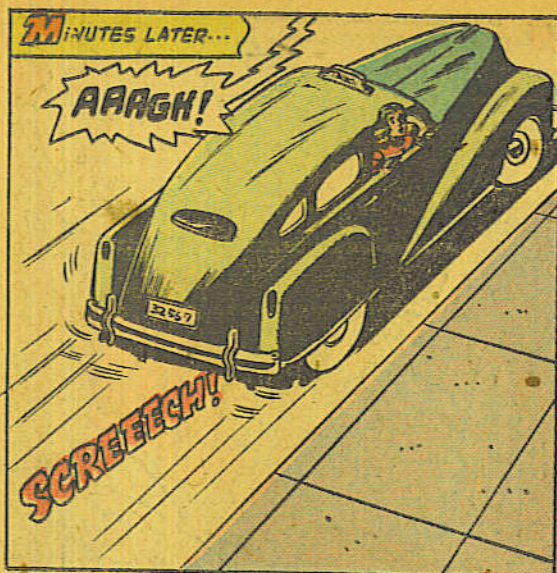
I DON'T LIKE IT, DIANA! ALAN WAS LOOKING STRAIGHT AT YOU... WITHOUT A SIGN OF RECOGNITION!

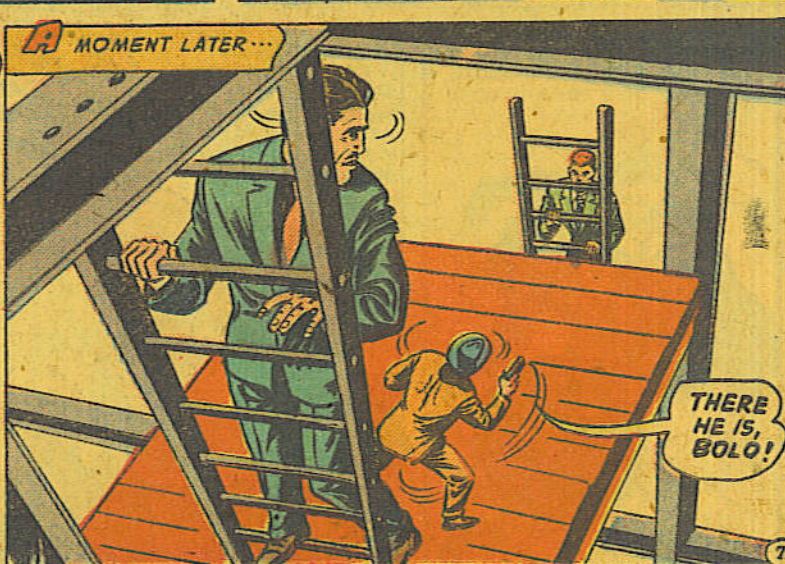
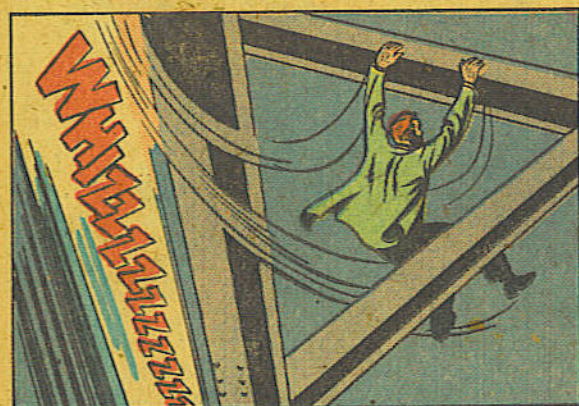
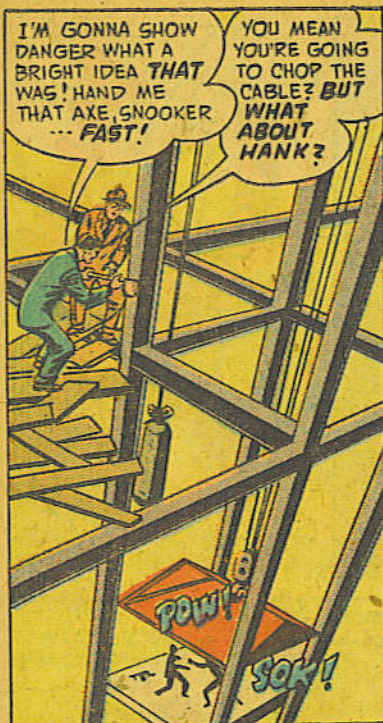
I CAN GUESS WHAT THE STRANGE STARE MEANS! HE'S READY TO CARRY OUT HIS THREAT...AND HURL HIMSELF TO THE STREET!

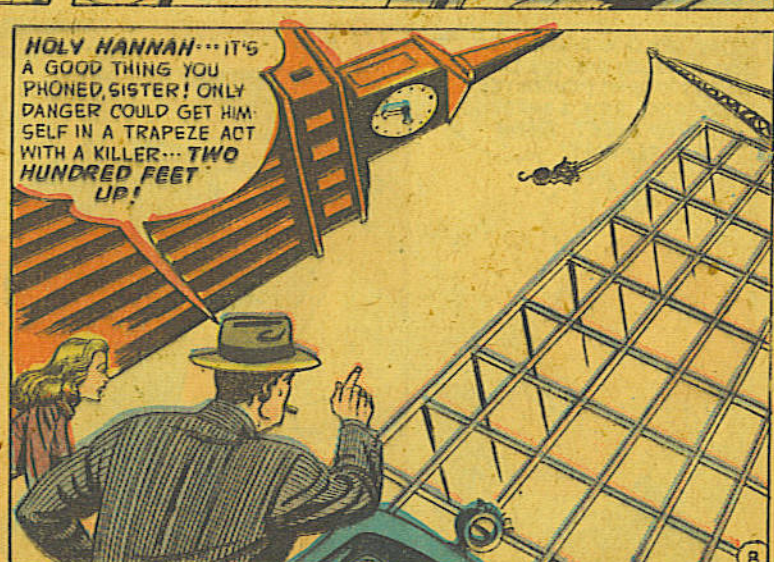
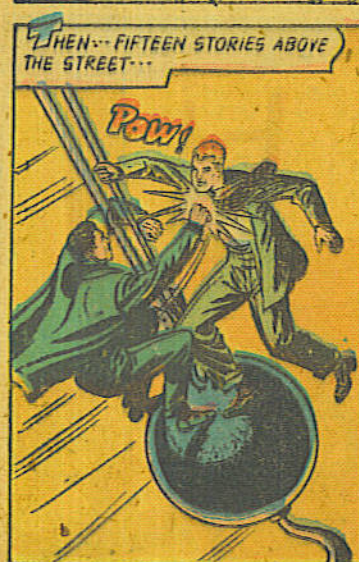
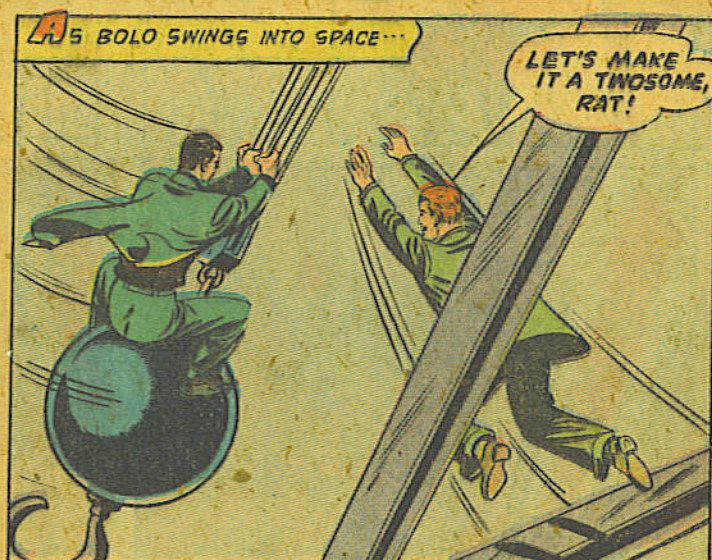
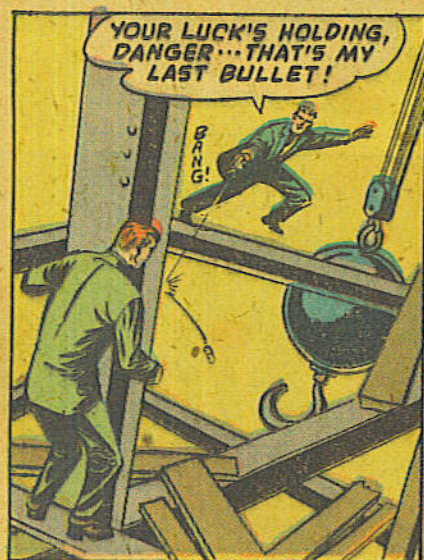
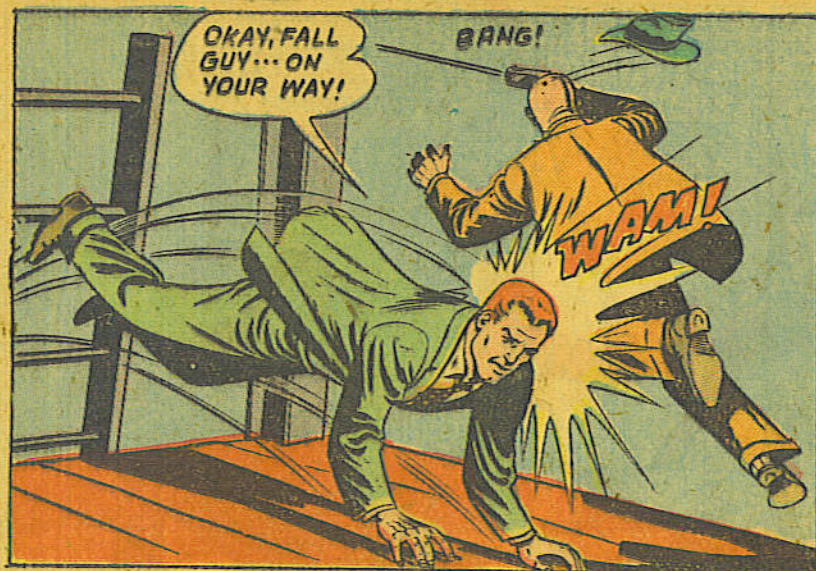


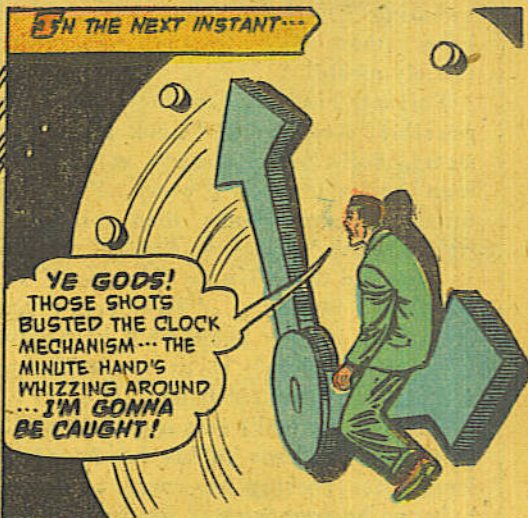
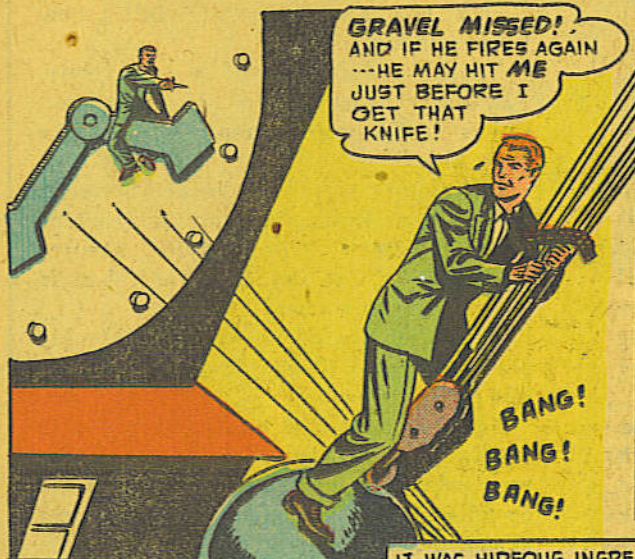












Blizzard BATTLE

PILOT KEITH LOCKWOOD felt the transcontinental passenger plane shiver and buck as he guided it into the heart of the howling blizzard above the Rockies. Beside him, young co-pilot Bill Gurney looked tensely out at the storm, his voice quavering slightly as he spoke. "Can't...can't we fly above it, Keith?"

Keith's glance flickered quickly to his co-pilot, noticing the clenched fists, the sweating forehead...and he suddenly knew that Bill Gurney was afraid, terribly afraid.

Forcing his voice to be as calm as possible, Keith said, "Look at the altimeter, Bill...we're already at our maximum ceiling. Don't worry...I've flown through worse storms than this...we'll make it easy."

"Why did they give us clearance?" Bill suddenly blurted. "Why didn't they ground us if they knew we'd be heading into such a storm? It...it was a blizzard just like this that...that dad..."

Bill's voice broke into a choked sob as he buried his face in his hands. Keith knew that nothing he could say would help, so he concentrated on the grim task of getting the plane through safely...while his thoughts ranged back over the events of the past weeks.

Barely two weeks ago, Bill's father, a veteran pilot of the airline service, had crashed with thirty-six passengers in a storm just like the present one, in the Sierra Nevadas. Jed Gurney had been an old friend of Keith's, and the blow had been hard...but it had been much harder on his son.

Bill was barely twenty-three, and had been scheduled to make his first co-piloting trip when the tragedy occurred. Wisely, Keith had asked his superiors to put Bill on his run, realizing that the boy would need an older, experienced hand to steady his nerves.

But now, looking at the broken youth

sobbing into his hands, Keith knew that Bill Gurney was just about finished as a pilot unless he, Keith, did something fast. He knew that Bill wasn't inherently yellow...it was just that he had suddenly lost all confidence in himself. Jed Gurney had been a god to him...and Bill was probably thinking that if his father, the master, could have failed, then how could his son, the pupil, succeed?

There was only one remedy, Keith knew...only one way to restore Bill's confidence in himself.

"Bill!" Keith gasped out suddenly. "My...my heart...I...I'm blacking out! Guess I...I'm too old for this job...take over, kid...!"

Bill Gurney stared in shocked horror at the sight of Keith slumping unconscious over the wheel. "Keith!" Bill shouted hoarsely. "Get up...I...I can't handle the plane in this storm!"

But there was no answer...and the big plane began to plunge toward the mountain peaks below.

For a moment Bill was paralyzed with fear and horror...but then, his instincts took over. Automatically, he seized the co-pilot's wheel, leveled the wings...and began the battle with the howling blizzard above the jagged peaks.

Two hours later, as co-pilot Bill Gurney confidently began his landing approach at the California airport, pilot Keith Lockwood said, "Nice job, Bill...I couldn't have done better myself!"

"Keith! How are you...when did you revive?"

Keith grinned. "Never felt better in my life, son...and I was conscious all the time! I just played possum to give you a chance to find out just how good you were when the chips were down! And when I turn in a report about how you handled the plane in that storm, you're sure to get a first pilot's rating and a run of your own!"

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**BICYCLE
TIRES**

PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

TYPHOON TYLER

THAT BLOKE SEEMS TO BE WHIPPING UP PLENTY OF INTEREST, TYPHOON! WHAT'S HE DOING-- HANDING OUT FREE BEER?

HOLD IT, CHARLIE! HIM I'VE SEEN BEFORE-- AND IF I REMEMBER RIGHT-- THE CIRCUMSTANCES WERE ROUGH!

YOU MET ALL TYPES IN RUNAKAVA-- A BRAWLING COPRA-TRADING TOWN ALONG THE SPARSELY-SETTLED COAST OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA! THERE WERE CHARACTERS WHO COULD DETECT A BULGING MONEY BELT IN ONE SECOND-- AND KNIFE YOU IN THE BACK IN THE NEXT! SOME OF THEM, LIKE HAMMERHEAD GATES, HAD DONE TIME WITH THE MALAY PIRATES-- AND IT WAS THIS SAME HAMMERHEAD GATES WHO WAS READY TO TRADE BLOOD FOR TREASURE-- UNTIL HE RAN AFOL OF TYPHOON TYLER!

TYPHOON TYLER THINKS BACK-- BACK TO A HUNDRED BAREFISTED FORAYS UNDER THE PALMS OF UNCHARTED ISLES-- AND THEN--

HAMMERHEAD GATES! FROM THE TIME I FIRST CAME OUT TO THE ISLANDS-- HE'S BEEN ABOUT AS TRUSTY AS A COBRA CURLED IN A SLEEPING BAG! WE AGREED TO CALL A TRUCE A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO-- AND THIS'LL BE A GOOD TIME TO LEARN WHAT HAMMERHEADS BEEN UP TO SINCE THEN!



WHAT'S THE PITCH, HAMMERHEAD?

TYPHOON TYLER! WE'RE IN LUCK, SPADE-- HERE'S A SWAB WHO CAN HANDLE PIRATES BY THE BARREL LOAD!



IT HAPPENED OFF BIG BUCANEER ISLAND-- DOWN THE COAST! THOSE PEOPLE ARE DESCENDANTS OF CAPTAIN JAVA, THE FREEBOOTER-- THEY'VE GOT PIRATE BLOOD IN THEIR VEINS-- AND BLAST 'EM, THEY'RE STILL PIRATES! DOZEN OF 'EM BOARDED US-- AND THREE OF MY CREW STOPPED ARROWS LIKE THESE! THEN THE DOGS LOADED THEIR CANOES-- GUNS, CARGO-- JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING I OWN!



TOUGH BREAK, HAMMERHEAD-- BUT IF I KNOW YOU-- YOU WON'T TAKE IT SITTING DOWN!

YOU CAN BOIL ME FOR A LONG PIG IF I DO! I'M HERE RECRUITING ENOUGH MEN TO TEACH THOSE ISLANDERS A LESSON-- IF IT MEANS WIPING OUT EVERY MOTHER'S SON OF 'EM!



THAT'S THE TALK, HAMMERHEAD-- I'M SIGNIN' ON!

ME TOO! THOSE NATIVES HAVE ALWAYS ACTED HIGH AN' MIGHTY BECAUSE THEY'RE KIN O' CAPTAIN JAVA-- I WANT TO SHOOT A FEW!

WHAT ABOUT IT, TYPHOON? IF YOU AND YOUR FRIEND'LL JOIN US-- I'M WILLING TO MAKE YOU SECOND IN COMMAND!

YOU'VE GOT A DEAL, MATE! SUPPOSE WE MEET AT THE DUGONG BAR AT NINE TO-NIGHT-- AND THRASH OUT THE DETAILS!

GETTING PRETTY CHUMMY WITH TYPHOON TYLER, EH? IN CASE YOU FORGOT, HAMMERHEAD, YOU'VE ALREADY GOT A SECOND-- ME!

THAT'LL BE BETWEEN US, SPADE! HAVING TYPHOON TYLER ALONG WILL GIVE THINGS THE APPEARANCE OF BEING ON THE UP-AND-UP, SEE? WHAT'S MORE-- WE CAN ALWAYS PUT A BULLET INTO HIM AND HIS SLEWFOOTED PAL-- AND BLAME IT ON THE FIGHTING!



MINUTES LATER--

I DON'T GET IT, BUD! AFTER SOUNDING OFF ABOUT HAMMERHEAD'S SCRUFFY REPUTATION-- WHAT CHANGED YOUR MIND?

ARROWS! I NEEDED JUST ONE GLANCE AT 'EM, CHARLIE-- TO PROVE HAMMERHEAD'S COOKING UP SOMETHING!



THOSE ARROWS CAME FROM SOMEWHERE UP AROUND PAPUA! THE NATIVES THIS FAR SOUTH ARE SPEAR FIGHTERS-- SIMPLY BECAUSE THESE ISLANDS DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT KIND OF WOOD FOR MAKING BOWS! THAT ATTACK HAMMERHEAD'S BEEFING ABOUT NEVER HAPPENED! THAT'S WHY I PRETENDED TO STRING ALONG WITH HIM! WHILE HE'S WAITING AT THE DUGONG BAR TONIGHT-- WE'LL BE SEARCHING HIS SHIP FOR A CLUE TO WHAT HE'S GOT IN MIND!



THAT NIGHT, NEAR THE WATERFRONT--

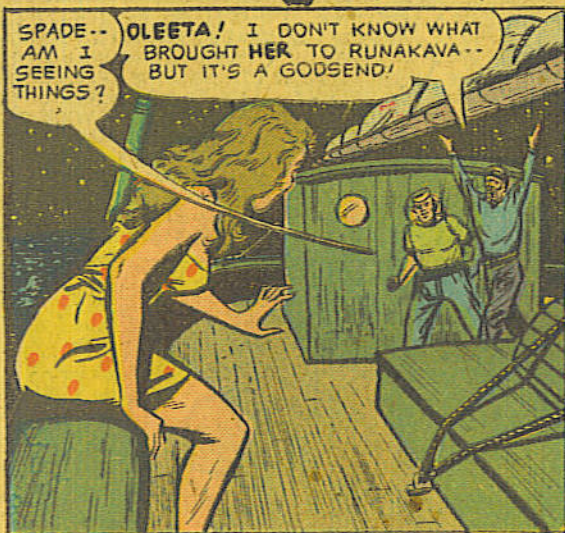
I'M JUST IN THE RIGHT MOOD TO KNOCK A FEW HEADS TOGETHER! WONDER HOW MANY HANDS HAMMERHEAD'S LEFT ABOARD?

THERE'S A QUESTION THAT MIGHT INTEREST SOMEONE ELSE, CHARLIE! LOOK!



SPADE-- AM I SEEING THINGS?

OLEETA! I DON'T KNOW WHAT BROUGHT HER TO RUNAKAVA-- BUT IT'S A GODSEND!



YOU GRINNING VERMIN-- LET ME GO!

HERE'S WHAT HAMMERHEAD WANTS-- BUT I'M GETTING IT! TAKE CARE OF THOSE OARSMEN, DUKE!

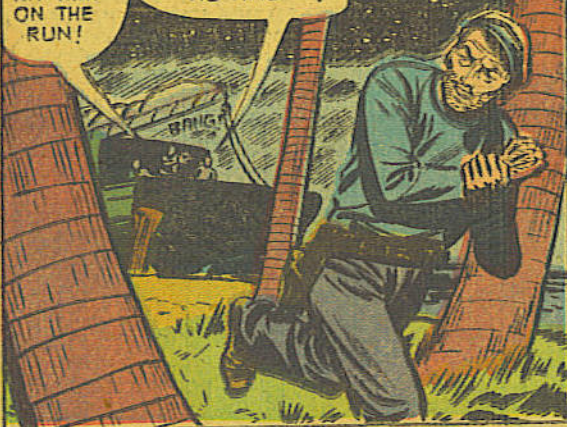


NEVER MIND THE OTHER SWAB-- I'LL TAKE HIM!



SPADE'S LUCKY-- IT'S TOO DARK TO HIT HIM ON THE RUN!

BUT THE SILVER DISK! IT IS OUR GREATEST TREASURE-- THE ONE MEMENTO OF OUR ANCESTOR, CAPTAIN JAVA-- AND HE HAS IT!



FOR DAYS, WE HAVE WATCHED HAMMERHEAD GATES AND HIS CREW-- ILLEGALLY DIVING FOR PEARLS OFF BIG BUCCANEER REEF! BUT WE ARE A PEACEFUL PEOPLE AND DID NOTHING-- UNTIL WE SAW ONE OF THE DIVERS BRING UP AN OLD COPPER SEA CHEST BEARING CAPTAIN JAVA'S EMBLEM! THAT I COULD NOT LET THEM KEEP-- I CAME TO RUNAKAVA TO GET IT!

WHY NOT? COME ON, CHARLIE-- LET'S GIVE HAMMERHEAD'S CABIN THE ONCE-OVER!

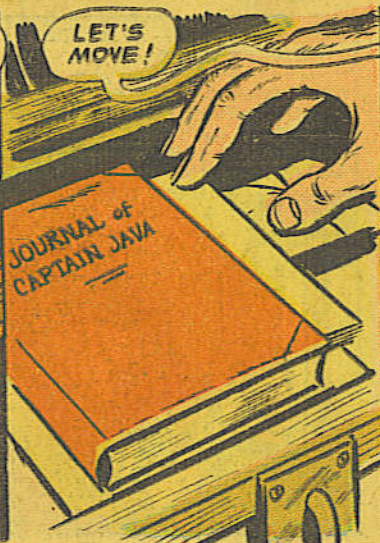


A MOMENT LATER--

MIGHT'VE KNOWN THOSE SHOTS WOULD ATTRACT ATTENTION! HERE COMES HAMMERHEAD AND THE REST OF HIS CREW-- ON THE DOUBLE!

O.K.-- NO USE WASTING TIME ON ANY FANCY LOCK-PICKING!

LET'S MOVE!

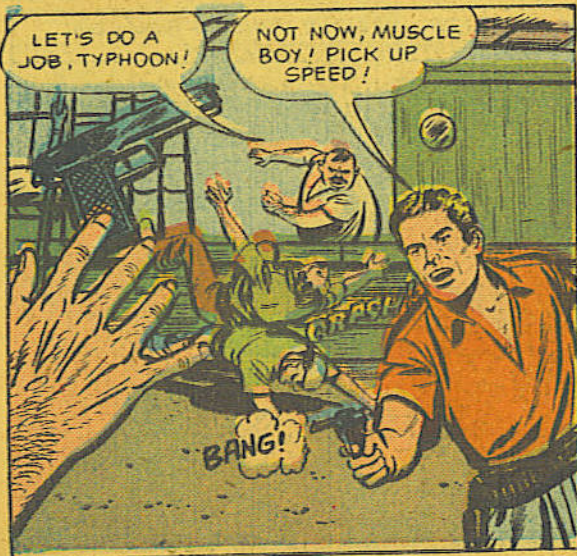


JUST LIKE OLD TIMES-- EH, HAMMERHEAD?



LET'S DO A JOB, TYPHOON!

NOT NOW, MUSCLE BOY! PICK UP SPEED!



SOON AFTERWARD-- ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF RUNAKAVA--

TELL ME WHAT CAPTAIN JAVA WROTE, TYPHOON! IT IS NEARLY 150 YEARS SINCE HE CAME TO LIVE ON BIG BUCCANEER-- AND LONG AGO, OUR PEOPLE FORGOT HOW TO READ!

I GUESSED AS MUCH, OLEETA--OR YOU'D HAVE KNOWN WHY HAMMERHEAD AND SPADE WERE IN SUCH A SWEAT ABOUT THAT SILVER DISK YOU WERE WEARING! BACK IN 1820-- ACCORDING TO THIS ACCOUNT-- CAPTAIN JAVA BURIED HIS PLUNDER NEAR BIG BUCCANEER AND DECIDED TO SETTLE DOWN!



THE OLD MAN REALLY TURNED RESPECTABLE, TOO-- AND SPENT TEN CONTENTED YEARS AMONG HIS PEOPLE! THEN HE REALIZED HIS DAYS WERE NUMBERED, AND DECIDED TO RECORD THE LOCATION OF HIS BURIED TREASURE... HE DIDN'T GUESS THAT IN TIME, WRITTEN WORDS WOULD LOSE THEIR MEANING TO THE PEOPLE OF BIG BUCCANEER-- AND THAT HIS SECRET WOULD BE PASSED FROM MOTHER TO DAUGHTER AS SOMETHING TO BE WORN-- AS A NECKLACE!

THE SILVER DISC! THOSE STRANGE MARKINGS I OFTEN WONDERED ABOUT-- THOSE WERE THE WORDS WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN JAYA-- THE KEY TO HIS TREASURE!

IT WAS JUST SHEER LUCK THAT HAMMERHEAD FISHED UP THE JOURNAL! THAT PUT HIM WISE TO THE SILVER DISC-- SOMETHING HE KNEW HE'D HAVE TO FIGHT TO GET! HE WANTED A GOOD EXCUSE FOR ROUNDING UP A SMALL ARMY OF CUTTHROATS-- SO HE FAKED THE VERY THING HE KNEW WOULD GET THOSE BEACH-COMBERS STIRRED UP--
PIRACY!



YEP-- AND NOW IT'LL BE A THREE-CORNERED DOG-FIGHT-- HAMMERHEAD HUNTING FOR SPADE-- AND BOTH OF 'EM GUNNING FOR US! WE'RE GOING TO NEED SUPPLIES, MATE-- THE .45 CALIBER KIND!

GET OLEETA ABOARD-- AND CHECK THE ENGINES! I'LL ROUND UP WHAT WE NEED!

MINUTES LATER-- IN A SIDE STREET SHOP--

WOW! WHAT'D YOU DO, CHANG-- HIT THE HONG KONG LOTTERY?

NOT ME, TYPHOON-- BUT MEBBE-- SO SPADE WIN PLENTY MONEY! JUST NOW HE BUY SECOND-HAND DIESEL LAUNCH-- BOX OF DYNAMITE-- AND PROVISIONS!

DYNAMITE, EH? THAT RAT ISN'T MERELY OUT FOR A DOUBLECROSS-- HE'S PLANNING A SURPRISE THAT'LL BLAST HAMMERHEAD CLEAN OFF THE MAP! THAT'S A GOOD THING TO KNOW-- CONSIDERING WE'LL BE REACHING BIG BUCCANEER SEVERAL HOURS AHEAD OF THE GANG!



CHANG-- LET'S HAVE A HUNDRED ROUNDS OF COLT .45-50! AND IF HAMMERHEAD COMES NOSING AROUND-- YOU DIDN'T SEE ME-- CHECK?

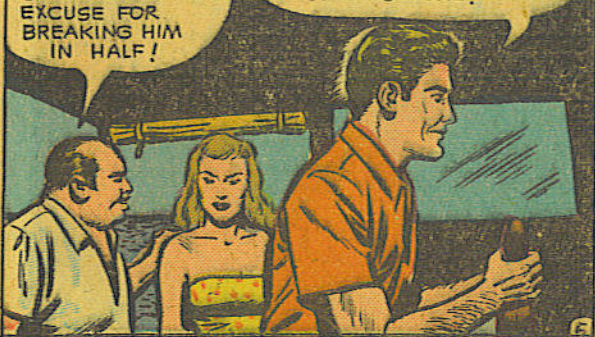
DOUBLE CHECK! CHANG KNOWS HIS FRIENDS!



AN HOUR LATER-- WITH THE LIGHTS OF RUNAKAVA SINKING BELOW THE CHOPPY HORIZON...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT SILVER DISC, HONEY! ALL SPADE CAN DO WHEN WE FIND HIM IS SWALLOW IT-- AND THAT'LL GIVE ME A DANDY EXCUSE FOR BREAKING HIM IN HALF!

SURE-- THAT PART'S EASY! NOW TELL HER WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO WHEN HAMMERHEAD DROPS ANCHOR-- WITH THE MEANEST ASSORTMENT OF CUTTHROATS THIS SIDE OF SINGAPORE!



EARLY NEXT DAY--

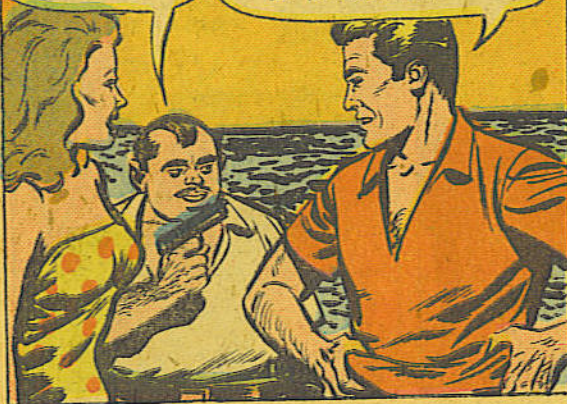
NOT A BAD TRIP, HUH?
WE'RE RIGHT OUTSIDE
THE PASSAGE
THROUGH BIG
BUCCANEER
REEF!

TYPHOON-- WAIT! THERE'S
SOMEONE ON THE REEF--
HIDDEN BY A PILE OF
FAN CORAL!

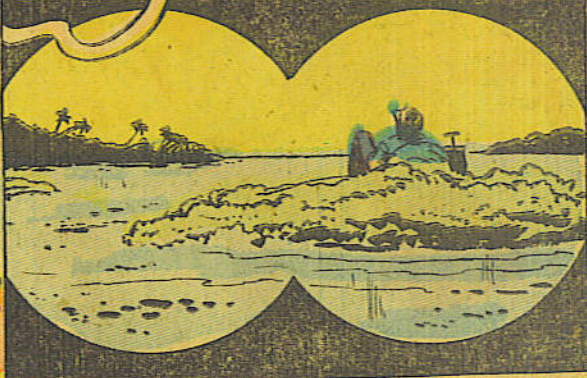


WHY GET INTO A
FLAP ABOUT IT?
WANT TO BET I
CAN DROP HIM--
WITH ONE SHOT?

BETTER NOT TRY! LET SPADE
TOPPLE AGAINST THE DETONA-
TOR PLUNGER-- AND THEY'LL
BE PICKING PIECES OF US
OFF THE PALMS SOMEWHERE
UP IN BORNEO!



SPADE! AND TEN TO ONE-- THAT RAT'S STRUNG
PARAFFIN-COATED DYNAMITE ALL THROUGH THE
CHANNEL! NOW ALL HE HAS TO DO IS LOLL BACK
AND WATCH THE SEA GULLS-- AND WAIT FOR
HAMMERHEAD'S VESSEL TO BLUNDER
INTO HIS MINE FIELD!



TYPHOON-- YOU
CAN'T GO AFTER
SPADE ALONE!
HE'S ARMED--
YOU'LL BE A
HELPLESS
TARGET!

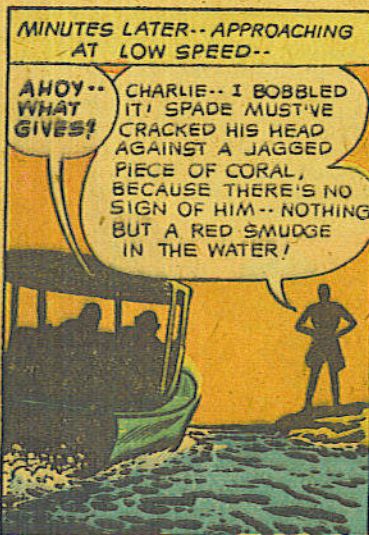
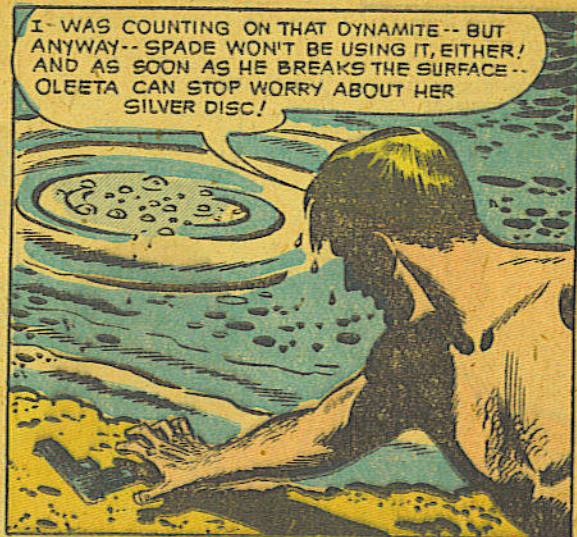
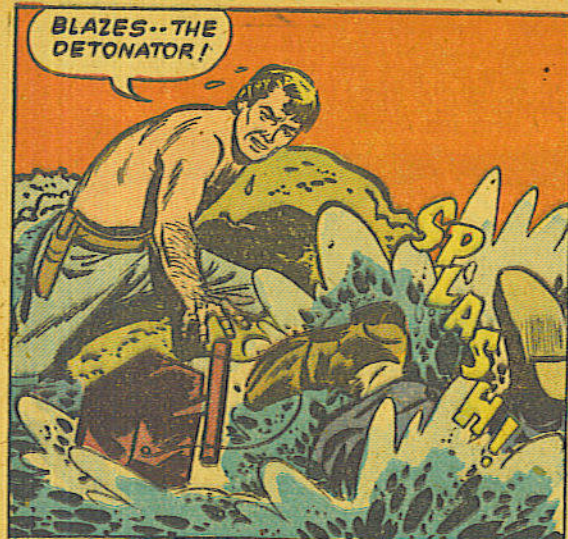
NOT IF I SWIM UNDER
WATER! CHARLIE, KEEP THE
SHIP RIGHT WHERE IT IS--
AND PRETEND YOU DON'T
SUSPECT A THING! IF SPADE
FEELS HE ISN'T IN ANY
DANGER-- HE MAY
DECIDE TO SAVE THAT
DYNAMITE FOR
HAMMERHEAD!



TYPHOON TYLER DOESN'T NOTICE THE
FANGED HORROR GLIDING FROM THE
CORAL AS HE NEARS THE REEF!
LUNGS BURSTING FOR AIR-- HE
CLEFTS FORWARD WITH A
SINGLE THOUGHT IN MIND!

I'VE GOT TO GET SPADE--
BEFORE HE CAN REACH THAT
PLUNGER! IF I DON'T-- I
CAN WAVE GOODBYE TO A
BLACK SMUDGE THAT USED
TO BE CHARLIE
AND OLEETA!



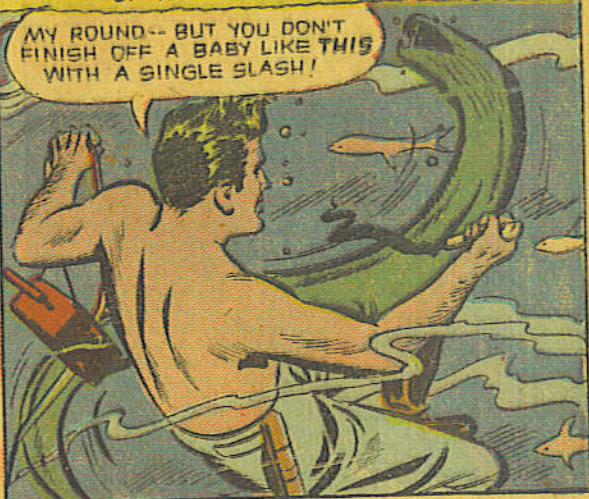


YE GODS-- IT'S A MORAY EEL!
I'D SOONER FACE HALF A DOZEN
TIGER SHARKS!



THEN-- AS TYPHOON DODGES THE EIGHT FEET
OF RIPPLING TERROR--

MY ROUND-- BUT YOU DON'T
FINISH OFF A BABY LIKE THIS
WITH A SINGLE SLASH!



WITH THE WATER FOAMING AROUND THEM--



A MOMENT LATER--

I'LL BE SCUPPERED! HE'S
BROUGHT UP SOMETHING
--AND IT ISN'T DYNAMITE!

CHARLIE-- WAIT!
TYPHOON'S RUN
INTO TROUBLE!



IT'S STILL
SNAPPING
LIKE A BEAR
TRAP! YOU
COLLECTING
TROPHIES OR
SOMETHING?

COULDN'T LEAVE IT
DOWN THERE TO
ATTRACT SHARKS,
CHARLIE--THEY'D
FOUL UP THE
WIRES IN NO
TIME!

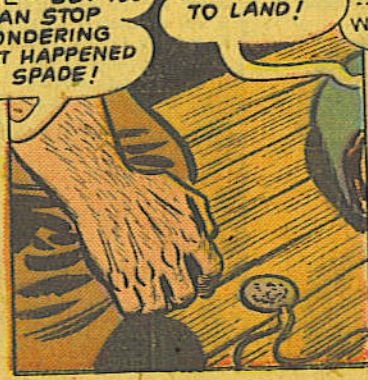
GLINTING ON THE DECK BESIDE
THE KILLER'S SLASHED CARCASS--

AVAST-- IT'S
THE SILVER
DISK! NOT A
PRETTY THOUGHT,
MATE-- BUT YOU
CAN STOP
WONDERING
WHAT HAPPENED
TO SPADE!

WE'LL LOOK IT OVER
LATER, CHARLIE!
SCRAMBLE ASHORE--
HAMMERHEAD'S
ABOUT READY
TO LAND!

TYPHOON--
I'M FRIGHT-
ENED!
THEY'RE
COMING
ASHORE
IN FIVE
BOATLOADS
--BRISTLING
WITH GUNS!

YEP-- AND PRETTY
CLOSE TOGETHER!
THAT MEANS ONLY
PART OF THE DYN-
AMITE WILL TAKE
EFFECT-- SO
CHARLIE'D BETTER
GET SET FOR THAT
FREE-FOR-ALL
HE'S BEEN
ITCHING FOR!



SECONDS LATER--



WE'VE LOST MORE'N HALF OUR GUNS, HAMMERHEAD! I'M FOR SWIMMING BACK TO THE SHIP-- WHILE WE'VE STILL GOT OUR HIDES!

TRY IT, YOU YELLOW-BELLIED RAT-- AND I'LL RIDDLE YOU! I'M GOING AFTER THE MOTHER-LESS SONS WHO PLANTED THAT DYNAMITE-- AND I'M GOING TO GET 'EM!



COME ON, CHARLIE-- THAT MEANS US!



IN A TERRIFYING CHARGE--

AAGH!

WELCOME TO BIG BUCCANEER, CRUMBS!



WITH THE FREEBOOTERS BEATEN BACK--

HOLD IT, TYPHOON-- THIS ISN'T GETTING US ANYWHERE! LET'S TEAM UP AND GET THAT SILVER DISC FROM SPADE-- AND SHARE THE TREASURE!

RAT-- I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU! LET'S HAVE IT, OLEETA!



DOGFISH POINT! HOLY BLUE BLAZES --CAPTAIN JAVA COULDN'T HAVE BURIED HIS TREASURE THERE!

BUT HE DID, HAMMER-HEAD-- AND THE LAST LAUGH'S ON SPADE! HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT DOGFISH POINT CRUMBLLED INTO THE SEA YEARS AGO -- LEAVING NOTHING BUT A REEF -- A REEF THAT MEANT A MESSY DEATH FOR HIM!



THAT NIGHT-- WITH UNNUMBERED FIREFLIES STUDDING THE SCENTED AIR--

THE TREASURE MEANS NOTHING TO ME, TYPHOON-- A PERSON CAN'T LOSE SOMETHING THEY NEVER HAD! WHAT I CAN'T GIVE UP IS SOMETHING I'VE FOUND-- BECAUSE I KNOW IT'S LOVE! PLEASE, DARLING -- DON'T GO AWAY!

YOU KNOW ME PRETTY WELL, HONEY-- PUTTING UP AN ARGUMENT LIKE THAT! BUT IF YOU KNEW ME BETTER-- YOU'D WAIT UNTIL THE MORNING TIDE TO SPEAK A SINGLE WORD-- GOODBYE!



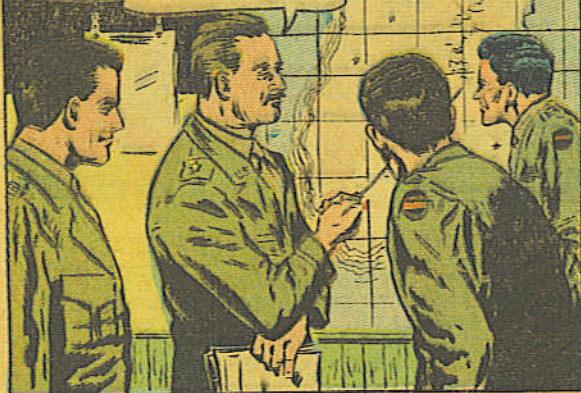
SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS TYPHOON TYLER'S SET A COURSE FOR ANOTHER LUSTY ADVENTURE-- IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THE END

MEN *against* ODDS

ONE OF THE MOST PERILOUS EXPLOITS IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF WARFARE WAS FIRST PLANNED LATE IN 1943 AT SUPREME ALLIED HEADQUARTERS...

GENTLEMEN, D-DAY FOR THE INVASION OF FRANCE HAS BEEN SET FOR JUNE OF NEXT YEAR-- BUT THE INVASION WILL SURELY FAIL UNLESS WE CAN DESTROY THE NORTH-SOUTH TRANSPORTATION LINES IN NORWAY-- AND THEREBY PREVENT THE NAZIS FROM SHIFTING THE HALF MILLION TROOPS THEY HAVE THERE TO FRANCE! IT'S OBVIOUSLY A JOB FOR THE O.S.S.!

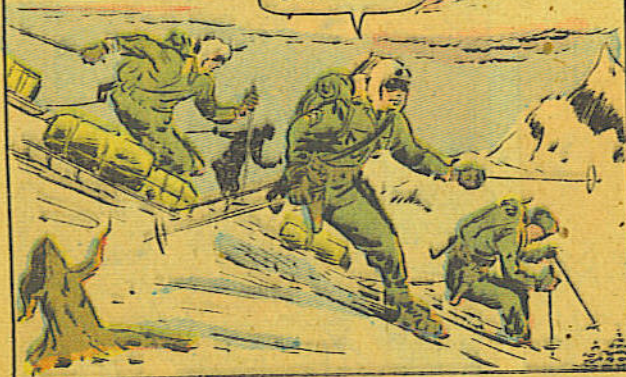


FINALLY, ON EASTER DAY, 1944, THE PARATROOP-LADEN PLANES TOOK OFF FROM BRITAIN-- BUT TWO TRANSPORTS MET DISASTER IN A BLINDING BLIZZARD IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORWAY...



IN TEMPERATURES OF 20° BELOW ZERO, THE SIXTEEN PARATROOPERS SET OUT ON A 300-MILE SKI TRIP TO DYNAMITE A BRIDGE ON THE NORTHLAND RAILWAY, THE SINGLE RAILROAD CONNECTING NORTH AND SOUTH NORWAY! THE GOING WAS ROUGH-- FOR IN ADDITION TO HIS 60 LB. PACK, EACH MAN ALSO DRAGGED A HAND-SLED LOADED WITH T.N.T.!

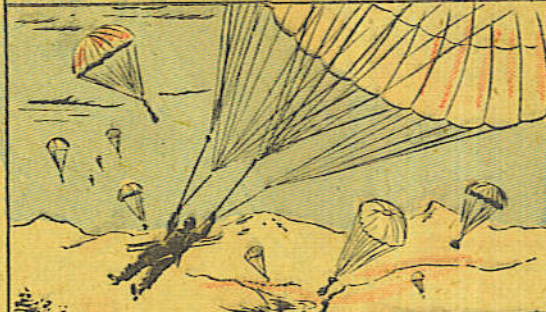
BRR! IF ANY OF OUR SLEDS CATCH UP WITH US, WE'LL BE BLOWN SKY-HIGH!



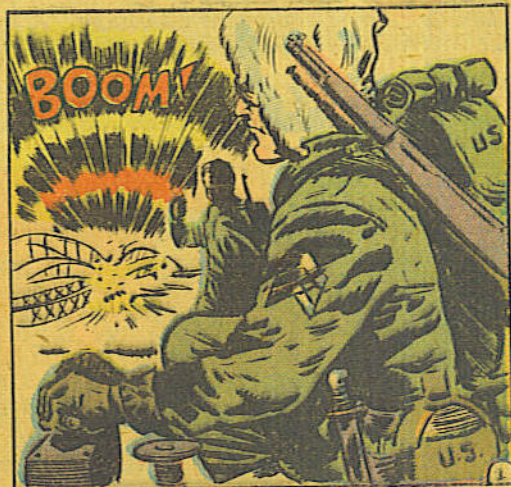
THE OFFICERS OF THE FAMED OSS-- OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES-- FORMED A HAND-PICKED GROUP OF AMERICAN SKI-PARATROOPERS. GAVE THEM SPECIAL TRAINING IN SCOTLAND ALL THROUGH THE FALL AND WINTER OF '43-- UNTIL THEY WERE READY FOR THEIR DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT!



FIVE OTHER PLANES LANDED IN SWEDEN AND WERE INTERNED-- SO THAT OF THE TOTAL ORIGINAL FORCE ONLY 16 MEN PARACHUTED DOWN IN NORWAY! SIXTEEN MEN AGAINST HALF A MILLION-- NEVER HAD AMERICANS FACED MORE INSUPERABLE ODDS!



ARRIVING AT THEIR DESTINATION ON A SUNDAY, WHILE THE NAZI SOLDIERS WERE RELAXING, THE U.S. DYNAMITE EXPERTS WENT TO WORK!



BUT THE SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION AROUSED THE NAZI SKI-TROOPERS -- AND THE CHASE WAS ON!

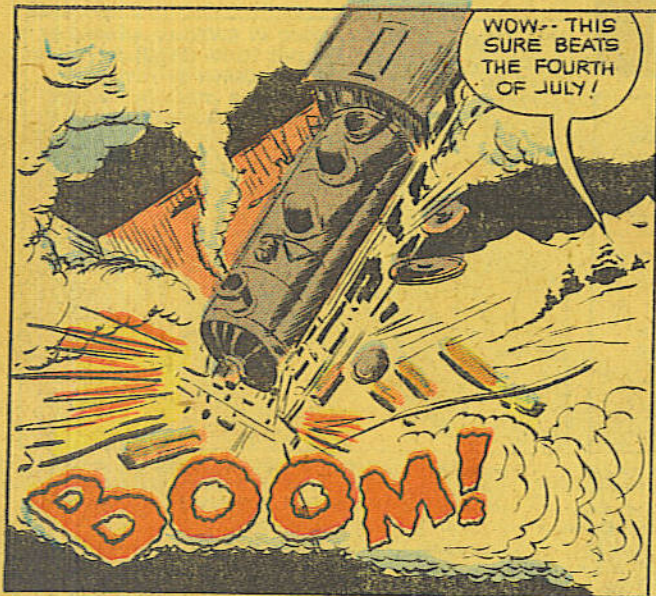
COME ON, BOYS-- LET'S SHOW THESE SUPERMEN HOW TO SKI!



THERE WAS NO LETUP IN THE CHASE FOR FOUR DAYS AND NIGHTS -- AND IT ENDED ONLY WHEN THE G.I.'S LAID AN AMBUSH FOR THEIR PURSUERS IN SOME WOODS!



THE INTREPID AMERICANS THEN WENT ON TO A KEY RAILROAD JUNCTION NEAR SNAASA-- AND THEIR EXPERT DEMOLITION WORK RESULTED IN THE DESTRUCTION OF A NAZI AMMUNITION TRAIN AND A MILE AND A HALF OF RAILROAD TRACKS!



FOR WEEKS AND MONTHS THE G.I.'S HID OUT IN THE MOUNTAINS, HALF-STARVED BUT INDOMITABLE -- AND FINALLY THE NEWS THEY HAD BEEN WAITING FOR CAME OVER THEIR PORTABLE RADIO!

IT HAPPENED-- THE GERMANS SURRENDERED!



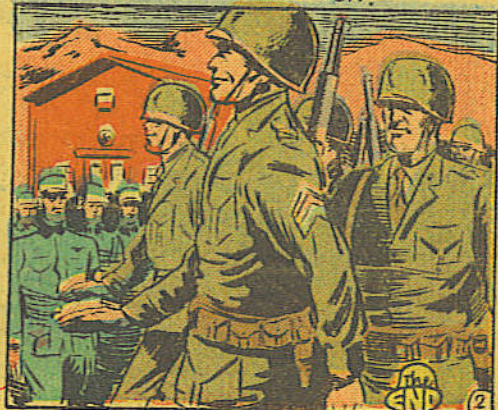
WHEN D-DAY FINALLY ARRIVED...

BUT... BUT OBERST-GENERAL, WE CAN'T TRANSPORT OUR TROOPS FROM THE NORTH TO MEET THE ALLIED INVASION OF FRANCE! A BAND OF AMERICAN SABOTEURS HAS WRECKED OUR ENTIRE RAIL SYSTEM!

Dumkopf-- ALERT THE ENTIRE ARMY OF OCCUPATION AGAINST THOSE SABOTEURS! SURELY HALF A MILLION MEN CAN WIPE OUT A MERE HANDFUL OF DECADENT AMERICANS!



EXUBERANT, THE LITTLE BAND OF AMERICANS MADE A 3-DAY SKI TRIP DOWN THE MOUNTAINS TO THE GARRISON TOWN OF STONKJER-- AND THERE ACCEPTED THE SURRENDER OF 4,000 SULLEN NAZI SOLDIERS-- TRULY A FITTING CLIMAX TO A HEROIC MISSION!





YOU
can WIN
this big 15"
Silver Trophy
as Roger
just did

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch

ROGER HIRSCH
was an
112 lb.
6 ft.
weakling
LOOK
AT HIM
NOW!

Aren't **YOU** as **SICK** and Tired as I was
of being **SKINNY** ?
CHICKEN-CHESTED
SPINDLE-ARMED
NARROW-SHOULDERED
SHORT-WINDED
WEAK, HALF-ALIVE
JEERED, BULLIED

**Then do as I did...
MAIL THE COUPON BELOW**

**I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST
3 inches to each ARM**

**And the rest in proportion —
ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS
by using the JOWETT SYSTEM**

for building Real HE-MEN

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



Come on, PAL, Now **YOU** give me
10 pleasant Minutes a Day
in your own home . . . and I'll
give **YOU** a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says **GEORGE F. JOWETT**
World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER** by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to **YOUR ARMS.** Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK AND SHOULDERS** broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED!** You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN**, a **WINNER** in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent!



George F. Jowett
Whom experts call "Champion of Champions"
• World's wrestling and wt. lifting champ
• World's Strongest Arms.
• 4 times "World's Perfect Body" Winner.

FREE!

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2 JOWETT'S Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

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NOW LET ME MAKE YOU LIKE ROGER A WINNER IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE



This may be Your LAST chance to GET AMAZING NATIONAL EMERGENCY OFFER

All these **5 Picture** Packed **COURSES** on He-Man Building for only while supply lasts!

10¢

MILLIONS have been sold for **\$1 and more**

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST**, my **"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER"** the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hirsch did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. **SO . . .**

MAIL COUPON NOW and GET

BOTH FREE!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

DEPT. AM-25

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